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1880

A FEW POEMS,

BY

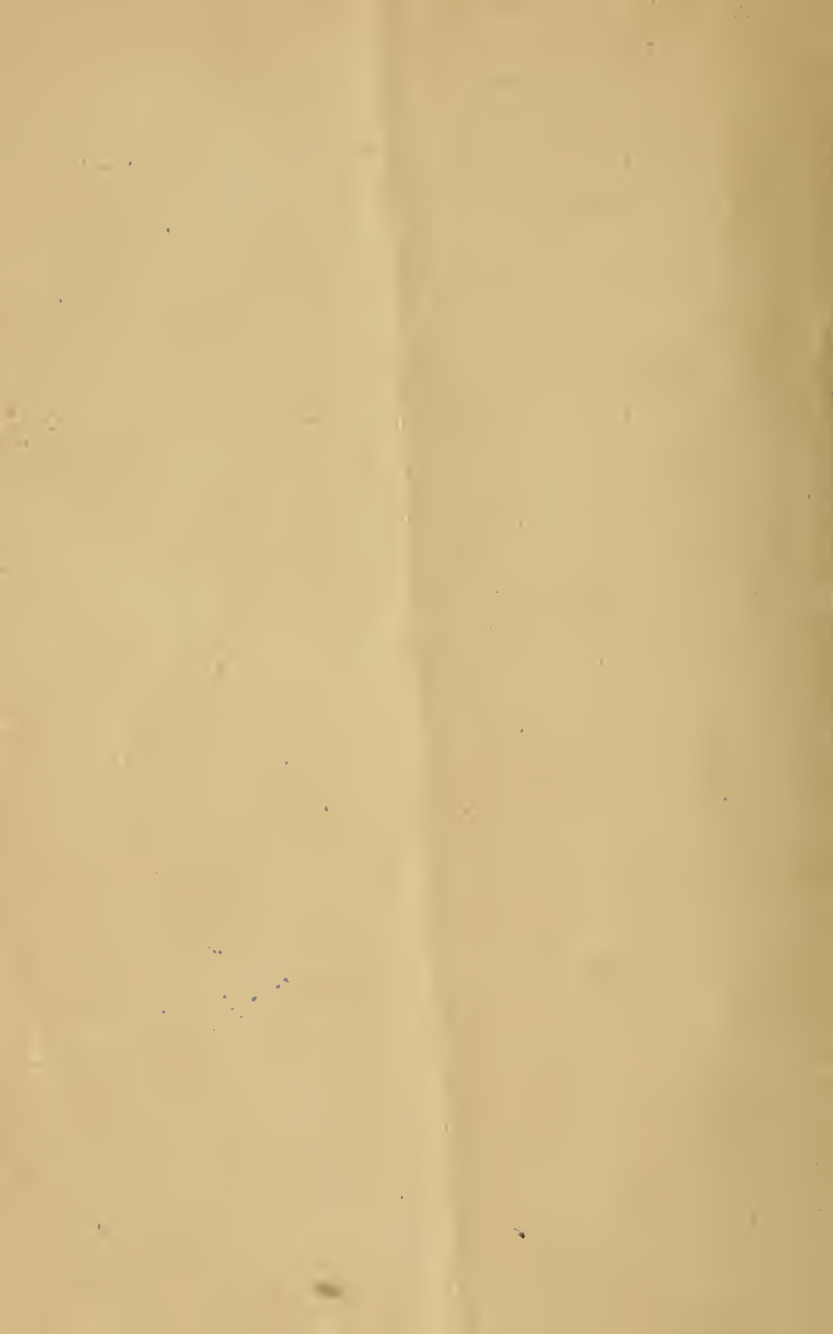
for

C. D. BRADLEE,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH AT HARRISON SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

SECOND SERIES.

1880.



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1880-1881

Page 100
1872

DEDICATED
TO
MY FRIEND AND MY FATHER'S FRIEND,
FRANCIS J. HUMPHREY.



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A FEW POEMS.

OUR FATHER.

OUR FATHER! O that precious name
Which brings our God so near;
May its sweet grace our hearts inflame,
And take away our fear!

Father! that dear and holy word,
All filled with love and power;
A gift, by sacred lips conferred
At a most needy hour!

Father! yes, each of us a child
Of the Almighty King!
God grant our hearts, all pure and mild,
May grateful tributes bring.

Our Father, on earth, in heaven,
So dear throughout all time,
To each of us let there be given
A blessing from Thy clime!

WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

Who art in Heaven ! that world above,
Where saints their Father meet ;
That splendid land of light and love,
And blessedness complete !

Who art in Heaven ! our future rest,
If we on earth are true ;
If God our souls has richly blessed,
Made clean, and white, and new !

Who art in Heaven ! a place within
The centre of the heart ;
If we are ever free from sin,
And bid all wrong depart !

Who art in Heaven ! that gracious place,
That home of joy and peace,
Where souls are filled with truth and grace,
And pleasures never cease !

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

ALL holy be thy name, and great,
And grand, O God, we pray ;
And O, reveal thy royal state,
As we our homage pay.

And make us good, and pure, and kind,
And full of truth and light;
Of happy heart, and sacred mind,
And steady to the right!

Each idle thought, and wicked word,
Remove from lip and heart;
And be thy grace on all conferred,
And mighty love impart!

For thus we'd like to bless thy name,
By deeds that thou'lt approve!
We praise Thee best, with loud acclaim,
By works of peace and love!

THY KINGDOM COME.

THY Kingdom come, O Father grant,
With glory and with power!
No more we wish, no more we want,
As our eternal dower!

Its peace let down, its splendor shed,
Its beauty let us feel!
With angel's food let us be fed,
And mighty love reveal!

Thy Kingdom come, and chase away
All other kingdoms, Lord!
Be thou alone our staff and stay;
And holy help afford.

Thy Kingdom come, through Christ the Son,
When breath shall cease to be,
When mortal life its race has run,
That Kingdom let us see!

**THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH, AS IT IS
IN HEAVEN.**

THY will be done! O God, thy will,
So sweet, so good, so pure;
Say to each trembling heart, Be still!
Make all, in Thee, secure.

Thy will! though darkness close us round,
And grief is at our side;
We'll say, while bending to the ground,
Let God alone decide!

Thy will! though veiled, and sharp, and sad,
And full of fire and pain;
Thy will! for nothing can be bad,
That will, must be our gain!

Thy will, through Christ, be always done,
With each and every heart;
And wilt thou, O most Holy One,
Thy healing help impart.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

GIVE us this day our daily bread !

Let us by sacred truth be fed.

'Tis bread from heaven thy children need ;

O God, that holy bread concede !

The body wants thy daily care,

That it may all things do and dare ;

More strength it craves, more life, more peace.

O God, those splendid gifts increase !

The mind is weak, and longs for light,

And seeks for clearer, deeper sight,

And knows that all to God must go,

That He may gracious help bestow.

The soul is stained, and wants a cure,

And would at once all good secure !

O God, send bread, a grand supply,

And hear thy children's plaintive cry !

**FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE
OUR DEBTORS.**

FORGIVE our debts ! O God, they're large,

We cannot bear the heavy charge !

Forgive, O God, as we forgive,

And let us in thy presence live.

As we forgive ! O teach us how !

Humbly we stand before Thee now,
And know how hard to look away
From wrongs that meet us, day by day.

Make us, O God, right good and kind,
And let no anger stir the mind ;
And as we hope thy grace to feel,
Teach us our temper to conceal !

Almighty God, forgive and bless,
And fill us with thy righteousness !
Patient and gentle let us be,
And filled with peace, by thy decree !

**LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT
DELIVER US FROM EVIL.**

O FATHER, do not let us go
In ways of sin, and paths of woe ;
But save us all from shame and wrong,
And let us all to Thee belong !

May hands and hearts be kept away
From all things tainted with decay !
And make us ever brave and true,
And really glad thy work to do !

If dangers come, and foes arise,
And we are filled with pains and sighs,

O send at once thy mighty aid,
And do not let us be dismayed !

For bold we'll stand, when God is near,
We'll have no dread, and feel no fear ;
Thy Rod and Staff will keep us right,
And make us victors in the fight !

**FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE
POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOREVER
AND EVER, AMEN.**

O God, the Kingdom shall be thine !
And ever shall thy glory shine !
Thy power is grand ; thy truth so bright,
That it will fill us all with light !

Thy law is good, thy mercy sure,
And thou wilt help us to endure
All things that come, from day to day,
To shade our path, and hedge our way.

And may our lips be filled with praise,
And in our hearts O let us raise
A holy tribute to thy name !
O God, light up the grateful flame !

And then the prayer the Lord has taught,
Which o'er our souls a rest has brought,
Will fill those souls with peace and love,
And fix their gaze on Heaven above !

FRANCIS J. HUMPHREY.

1812.

May 17.

1880.

ALL hail, my friend, a holy cheer,
On this, your natal day!
May all things bright and good appear,
We do most humbly pray.

In childhood's hour we knew your name,
In the old ark, our home,
Where with your bird-like voice you came,—
Our parents bade you come.

And when in later life we met,
Old friendships were renewed;
And 'round the past we linger yet,
With trembling eyes bedewed!

We both have parted with the true,
We both have said "Good-bye,"
And holy angels watch us too,
And linger often nigh!

This sacred hour we will rejoice
For all that God has given,
And with a gladsome, hopeful voice,
Will turn our eyes to Heaven.

All hail again, this birthday thine;
With joy and trust go on!
Long may it be ere life decline,
And mortal work be done!

MRS. HYDE.

1795.

June 27.

1880.

WE welcome you, our honored one,
As five and eighty years are won,
 This holy day!
Our prayers rise up to God in love,
That mighty blessings from above
 May crown your way.

Your friendship we have prized indeed,
In hours of joy and times of need,
 A glorious dower!
In Church and home we've joined the hand
In fellowship right true and grand,
 A massive tower!

Long may our lives on earth be spared,
Loud be our mutual love declared,
 That all may hear!
And when at last the trump shall sound,
And we the end of life have found,
 We'll have no fear.

And when we meet in God's own home,
And when we've heard the Savior's "Come,"
 We'll still be one!
Nothing shall break our union true!
O Father, make it fresh and new,
 Through Christ, the Son!

IN MEMORIAM.

Miss VIOLA WATERMAN.

ALL true and noble, holy, pure,
Patient and gentle, strong;
In faith, and trust, and love secure,
Our hearts did round thee throng!

Ready for all, the cross to take,
As counsellor and friend;
All private aims thou didst forsake,
Thy blessings to extend.

The young looked up to thee with pride,
At once gave up the heart;
It mattered not what might betide,
If thou didst peace impart.

And parents gave unto thy care
The little ones so dear,
And knew full well that thou would'st share
In every joy and fear.

When thou wert sick, all hearts did ache,
And prayers went up to God
That He might spare thy life, and take
Away the heavy rod.

But God knew best, and now we weep,
We see thy face no more!
To Him who wakes thee out of sleep,
We bow in solemn awe.

All safe with Him, the God of all,
In glory art thou crowned;
And thou hast heard the final call,
And angel robes hast found.

Farewell! farewell! we'll meet again,
Where all our cares shall cease;
And we must say a sad amen!
O God, our faith increase!

LENT.

For forty days and nights, our Lord
Passed out from mortal sight!
And as the sacred men record,
Stood firmly by the right!

No Satan's arts could change his will,
No tempter's wiles mislead;
He kept his heart serenely still,
In the great hour of need.

"Get thee behind me," cried he loud
To the false offers made;
And on his soul there came no clond,
As he God's voice obeyed!

So all upheld by his command,
And guided by his grace,
Must ever hold his gracious hand,
And gaze upon his face!

LUCY CHILD.

OUR friend has passed away to God,
Her work is done below;
And now held up by Staff and Rod,
She all things grand will know.

Faithful were all her deeds and ways,
Gentle and true her heart;
Right nobly has she passed her days,
For Christ has been her chart.

She loved to do her very best,
And tried to help us all,
And, by the Rock of Ages blest,
Her peace on us did fall.

When sickness came, she bowed her head,
And said, 'Thy will be done!
Prostrate and helpless, on her bed
A mighty grace was won.

Friends beloved stood around and near,
And helped her bear the blow;
She filled them all with holy cheer,
And sweet content did show.

But now she's gone where joy is found,
She waits for us Above,
And stands on consecrated ground,
Saved by a God of Love.

IN MEMORIAM.
WINSLOW GAY,
September 7, 1877.

AGAIN the voice of God is here;
Another dear one sleeps;
Yet God knows best, we will not fear,
For He the loved one keeps.

Father, help us in this our grief;
A double blow thou'st given!
Oh, send thy voice, a sure relief,
Right from the throne of heaven.

Say, "Peace, be still!" "Be of good cheer!"
The cloud shall soon depart,
If God and Christ are surely near,
And gracious aid impart.

Open ajar the gates above,
Let angels come and go,
All filled with peace and light and love,
To chase away our woe.

And in this band, oh, may we see
The two* who've passed away,
That now, by thine all-wise decree,
Have found eternal day!

Their voice we'd hear, their presence feel,
And know that all is right,
And though they must their forms conceal,
Give us a spirit sight!

* GEORGE HENRY GAY, JR., ob. June 12, 1877.
WINSLOW GAY, ob. Sept. 5, 1877.

But God knows best, to Him we leave
Our cries, our wants, our tears;
And all his blows in peace receive,
And banish all our fears.

EASTER POEM.

CHRIST has risen, O earth rejoice,
Utter forth a glorious voice
To God, the King!
And we shall rise, the truth is grand,
O spread it wide throughout the land,
And praises sing!

Christ has risen, and death no more
Can bind us to the earthly shore,
And chain the soul!
But time will yield itself a slave,
And an eternal mercy crave,
And lose control!

Christ has risen, and so shall all
Who at his feet, repentant, fall,
Arise to peace!
And in that world of light above,
Where God and Christ will reign in love,
All care shall cease!

Christ has risen, and death has fled,
And God a mighty grace will shed
On all who pray!
Awake, each soul, and seek the light,
And bless the Lord for thoughts so bright,
This Easter day!

PREPARED FOR THE FUNERAL OF MRS.
GEORGE E. KING.

SHE was gentle, loving, and true,
And brave unto the last;
And ever tried all things to do
That to her lot were cast.

When sickness came, without a sigh
She took the burden up;
And hardly asked the reason why
God sent the fatal cup!

Weak, and more weak, she seemed to grow,
We hoped, we feared, we prayed!
The future none of us could know,
And yet we felt afraid!

But she, a long while, saw the end,
And kept the secret still;
And knew that God would safe defend
And save her from all ill.

At last the message quickly came;
It found her strangely calm,
And in her heart a holy flame
That kept off all alarm.

She bid farewell to dear ones near;
A kiss of trust and love!
And went to God without a fear,
Embosomed in his love.

We'll say, O God, "Thy will be done,"
Though tears are falling fast;
And grant through Jesus Christ, thy Son,
We all may meet at last.

A PRAYER.

OUR Father guide,
Our ways decide,
This day!
To thee we come,
Make us at home,
We pray!

Give us thy light;
Show us the right;
Help now!
Needy we cry,
Hear thou our sigh,
And vow!

Our sins forgive,
And let us live
All pure,
And when we sleep
In death, us keep
Secure!

FOR THE 99th BIRTHDAY OF MRS. HEWES.

April 22nd, 1877.

In one year more, a hundred years
Our friend beloved will see!
A time, how filled with joys and fears,
A sacred harmony.

The past, how dear to one so old;
The present, O how grand!
And what shall future years unfold
By God's all wise command?

We cannot tell how soon may come
The order to depart!
When God shall give another home
To that true loving heart.

But this we know, she waits God's will,
And stands upon her guard!
And keeps her faith all calm and still,
And calls no message hard.

God grant we meet twelve months to-day,
Her century to greet!
It is for Him alone to say,
Whose mercies are complete.

To Him, in Christ, we lift our praise,
Who orders all things well;
He the holiest hopes will raise,
The gravest fears dispel.

PRINCE ALBERT,

*Of Saxe Coburg and Gotha; Long the Consort of H. R. M. Victoria,
Queen of England and Empress of India.*

MANY years in the past there went from earth
A mind and a soul of celestial birth;
Awhile this mighty power remained below,
And genial light did everywhere bestow;
In two Countries was sent a holy flame,
And hearts all round the world gave loud acclaim!

PRINCE ALBERT is the one of whom we speak,
He was learned, true, holy, brave and meek;
From budding youth, the highest aims he sought,
And by his love the gentlest deeds were wrought.
Royal in name, he had a regal soul,
And kept upon himself a strict control.

At proper age, in manhood's sacred power,
In God's own time, at an auspicious hour,
VICTORIA of England took his hand,
And led him to her own delightful land!
Here two, like as one, walked the road of life,
Full of the best counsels, with wisdom rife.

But one sad day, the Prince, beloved of all,
Heard from the world above, the Father's call,
Wrapped the mantle of peace around his heart,
Was ready, as God said so, to depart!
But Oh, the grief of *one* whose love was deep,
Her heart was broken, when he went to sleep!

But *now* he surely lives, and grows more strong,
And all his goodness does around us throng;
His influence will help, whilst time shall last;
His gentle spirit on us all will cast
A sweetness, a grace, and a holy calm,
That over earth and Heaven will throw a charm!

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

God saw the nations sweeping by,
And heard the people's anguished cry,
“O give us light!”
Out of the skies he sent a babe,
The humble child in manger laid,
A striking sight!

Wise men and shepherds marched to see,
And to the babe they bent the knee,
And presents gave!
A “star” stood where the child was found,
And all the place seemed holy ground,
To men so grave.

But *now* that child is Lord and King,
And unto all will blessings bring,
Who hear his voice!
He asks of each and all the heart,
And ever will his grace impart;
O world rejoice!

IN MEMORIAM.

DR. WINSLOW LEWIS.*

He's gone from us, he's seen the "Eye,"
 The eye that ne'er grows dim!
 The "Architect" of earth and sky
 Will ever hallow him.

He stands beneath the "Arch" of love,
 Is spared all future pain!
 He meets the Seraphim above,
 Has found eternal gain.

He's "square" with man and cleansed by God,
 A "temple" of the King!
 And now held up by "Staff" and "Rod,"
 His vespers will he sing.

The Grand Master who rules o'er all,
 Now covers him with light!
 And at his "Altar" does he fall,
 Where all is pure and bright.

100th BIRTHDAY OF MRS. HEWES.

1778.

1878.

GLORY to God, our friend is spared
 A century to greet!
 And God in mercy has declared
 This wondrous time complete!

* Dr. WINSLOW LEWIS was P. G. Master of the Massachusetts Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons.

Glory to God, for grace so given,
And love so richly shed;
For all the light that came from Heaven,
By which our friend was led!

Glory to God, for trials too,
That disciplined her heart,
And made her faith all strong and true;
And did great grace impart!

Glory to God, for coming days,
Through Jesus Christ, the Son!
And let us all our prayers upraise
For this dear aged one!

A DAY LOST.

(A Roman Emperor says, "that day is lost on which some good deed is not performed.")

O COUNT that day lost that sees no duty done;
No brave battles fought, and no victories won;
No great sins put down, no mighty truths attained;
No base passions lost, no solid virtues gained.

O count that day lost that finds thee not awake,
And ready for all things good for Jesus' sake.
Day lost indeed, unless thou'rt ashamed to stay
Where thorns and thistles disfigure all the way.

O count that day lost that leads thee not to God,
Hard though be the pains, and sharp though be the rod;
That finds thee not the more holy and more strong,
And afraid of nothing but the path of wrong.

1770.

1879.

ALBERT THORWALDSEN.*

Dedicated to H. R. M. Christian, King of Denmark.

In seventeen seventy, do we see
 One took his birth by an all-wise decree,
 Near Raisciawich town, made famous then,
 Bêcause God sent the infant Thorwaldsen!
 And could the people have his future seen,
 His brow they'd crowned with "laurel evergreen"!

The "Academy of Arts" took the child,
 So gentle, true, and pure and undefiled,
 When only twelve, and gave him for a guard
 And teacher, the famous Abildgaard!
 Five years later, a silver prize he won,
 For faithful service given and work well done.

In two years more, when nineteen years of age,
 A gold medal came to this youthful sage,
 For a learned piece that he had written
 Of one† who was from the temple driven!
 So, too, he took a prize at twenty-three,
 Five hundred thalers his, by wise decree!

In seventeen ninety-six, he, at Rome,
 Made for himself with joy a genial home,
 Yet hardly knew what in the world to try:
 Painting and statuary charmed his eye,—

* ALBERT THORWALDSEN was born near Raisciawich, Denmark, Nov. 19, 1770, and died in Copenhagen, March 25, 1844.

† HELIODORUS.

But works in the Vatican did he meet
That made him strive with sculptors to compete.

“Jason” was the first piece that gave him fame,
Thomas Hope the man who made known his name ;
Copies from the Greek brought him mighty power ;
He had the praise of all in genial shower,—
But, for the greater token of his hand,
See the statue of Christ, so true and grand !

See the Apostles, too, and the “preaching
Of St. John” ! all these the people teaching !
And Pius the Seventh did almost speak
As he his form with skill from stone did break ;
And other works his genius led to birth,
Which, by his art, have glorified the earth !

King Frederick made him a noble too,
And other nations sent him honors new ;
And everywhere came glories thick and fast
That by loving hearts on his name were cast ;
So that he reached the highest point of power,
And, ’mongst all artists, was a massive tower !

From Copenhagen he went up to God,
Was quickly called by death’s unyielding rod ;
Sad was the year, in eighteen forty-four,
When Thorwaldsen was on the earth no more !
Kings wept, and all men bowed in bitter grief,
As that mighty sentinel found relief !

1617.

1880.

MURILLO.**Dedicated to the King and Queen of Spain.*

IN Spain's fair land, and many years ago,
At Seville, came the famous Murillo;
A gifted child from his earliest age,
Good and modest, gentle and pure and sage,
With all his artistic powers strong and great,
By "Castillo" nourished to royal state
With "Moya" and "Cano" to stir him up,
To take from coming fame the fullest cup.

When twenty years of age, with skilful hand,
Two Madonnas sprang forth at his command,
That proved a genius resting in his brain,
Which a deeper study would guide and train,
And to Madrid, friendless and poor he went;
Three years of hardest work, he richly spent,
Helped by Velasquez, a most noble friend,
Whose favors only with his life did end.

In sixteen forty-five, he thought it best
Once more at home his mighty powers to test;
Little by little did he grow more grand,
Bringing fresh glory to his native land;
That he might increase his power more and more,
He steered his bark to wedlock's holy shore;

* The royal thanks of the King of Spain were sent in recognition of this poem.

Dona Solomayor became his wife,
And made him rich and noble all his life !

It was in sixteen forty-eight he wed,
And to the Church the best of women led ;
And he stood confessed in just six years more,
The leading painter on the Spanish shore ;
The last work he gave to a waiting world,
That celestial beauty and love unfurled,
Was St. Catherine,—a betrothal too,
That started wonders great and praises new.

On April third, in sixteen eighty-two,
God plainly said, " There's nothing more to do " ;
He fell asleep, and went to joy above,
Was blessed and crowned by the Almighty's love ;
And all the people felt a holy one
Had left his work on earth right grandly done ;
Then farewell Murillo, a long farewell,
To loving hearts thy virtues will we tell.

And to Spain's King and Queen, thy name we give,
Praying its mighty grace with them may live,
And to their reign a holy treasure prove,
Covering all their steps with peace and love !
And whilst their Kingdom's watched by thee in Heaven,
Thou in all the Churches has left a leaven
That must bring joy, and light, and splendid power,
And shed great blessings in a genial shower.

IN MEMORIAM.

ELIZABETH W. EVERETT,

(Wife of P. L. EVERETT, Esq.)

Ob. Feb. 22, 1875.

"Wife," "Mother," "Daughter," "Friend."

O God, why? Wilt Thou tell us why?
It is not for us to say;
Yet hear Thou now the heart's sharp cry,
As we miss the wife to-day.

O God, why? Still Thy way is best,
Whilst we wonder, weep, adore!
"And wilt Thou give our Mother rest?"
The dear children now implore.

O God, why? Still we know 'tis love!
We will wait in trust and peace!
Whilst parents ask, for child above,
The care that will never cease.

O God, why? Ah, large numbers cry
O, why hast Thou sent this blow?
Yet none can tell the reason why!
It is not for us to know!

But unto Thee, through Christ, the Son,
Yield we up the stricken will;
And let us hear, O Gracious One,
Out of the cloud, "Peace, be still!"

IN MEMORIAM.

THY will be done ! this is our cry
In our repeated blows !
For peace with Thee, O God, most high,
And grace with mercy flows.

Thy will must make the dark all bright,
And take all care away ;
And prove to all, Thy way is right,
And be a staff and stay !

With Thee, a mother* rests in peace,
By dear ones gone before ;
And daily will her love increase
On that eternal shore.

And brother,† too, was quickly called
To leave this world of pain ;
And, whilst our hearts were all enthralled,
Then thou didst call again !

And father‡ went to Thee above,
Whilst lonely we are left ;
O help thou those, thou God of love,
Whom thou hast so bereft !

*Mrs. Dutton,

†H. W. Dutton, Jr.

‡H. W. Dutton, Sen. All passed to God within a few weeks.

Thy will! Ah, only what is best
We know thou wilt impart;
For ever dost thou grant thy rest
Unto the broken heart.

April 15, 1875.

OUR DEPARTED ONES.

STRANGE murmurs from the other land,
Strike right across the heart;
And all around, a spirit band,
Their cheering light impart.

Voices that were hushed long ago,
Again arouse our soul;
And the tears will unbidden flow,
As echoes round us roll.

Yes, with us by faith's sacred call,
And by hope's blessed way!
They will visit us, each and all,
By night, as well as day.

It is an inward power they bring,
These dear ones from above!
It is in angel tones they sing,
All full of peace and love!

Along with Jesus at our side,
Their constant help they give;
And they in Him all trust confide!
So would they have us live.

CHRISTMAS POEM.

HEARTS waited for the natal day,
When sin and shame would fly away,
 And Christ be born !
Law would not light and peace impart,
And calm and sanctify the heart,
 No peace did dawn !

Prophets spoke of a better time,
When beauty would on Zion shine,
 And joy arise !
Almighty God did tarry long,
And faith was weak that once was strong,
 And deep the sighs !

But all at once a Star appeared,
And those rejoiced who once had feared,
 For Christ had come !
Though the Lord in a manger laid,
In glory great He was arrayed,
 The world His home.

But now, how strange, we seek Him not,
How soon by human hearts forgot,
 And set aside !
O God, this holy Christmas morn,
Again let Jesus Christ be born,
 Within reside.

And when our human race is run,
And all our mortal work is done,
Let Jesus reign !
Our souls may Jesus take and keep,
And wake us up from death, called sleep,
And all reclaim.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

THY children gathered here in love
Would look, O God, to thee above ;
For grace would pray !
Enrich our mind, inspire our heart,
And unto each and all impart
True peace, this day !

While flowers we bring with earnest praise,
We would to thee our cry upraise
For strength and light !
O help us by thy mighty hand,
And make us all, by thy command,
Pursue the right !

May all we say, and think, and do,
Be earnest, sacred, holy, true,
And filled with power !
Let glory now from Heaven descend,
Let angel-guards our Church defend,
And bless this hour !

GRACE, MERCY, PEACE.

A SUPPLICATION.

GRACE, mercy, peace, O Father, send,
As we, thy humble children, bend,
In love and trust, before thy throne,
And all thy faithful goodness own.

Thy grace, that all our fears may fly,
That hushed may be the sinner's sigh;
And all our hopes, in joy, arise
To thee, the God of earth and skies.

Let Mercy, too, procure us rest,
The grandest of thy gifts confessed;
And may we all, in trusting love,
Gain all our strength from thee above.

O let thy Peace begin to tread
On weary hearts, by folly led;
That we renewed, may find a light
That keeps us steady to the right.

All this we ask through Christ, the Son,
Our truest Friend, thy chosen One!
And grant our prayer, O God, we crave,
For thou alone hast power to save.

94th BIRTHDAY OF MR. THADDEUS ALLEN.

To day Mr. Thaddeus Allen, father of Mr. Joseph H. Allen, clerk of the South Boston Municipal Court, and of Mr. James Allen of the City Registrar's Office, celebrates his 94th birthday. The venerable gentleman steps about town every day as erect as a man of 40, and is a loyal and devoted Republican. Two years ago Mr. Allen was confined to his bed for several weeks, lying most of the time apparently in a calm sleep and unconscious of pain. His family daily expected his dissolution, but he rose with renewed strength, and has now as rosy a complexion as a blooming maiden. He will receive his friends this afternoon and evening at his residence on F street. At an early hour this morning he had several congratulatory callers. To-night Mr. Joseph H. Allen will read the following verses, composed by Rev. C. D. Bradley, of Harrison Square, and former pastor of the patriarch.

1786.

94.

1880.

May 14th.

NINETY-FOUR years, thy child, O Lord,
 Has spent his life on earth,
 And would with thanks this day record
 Thy mercies from his birth.

His joys, from thy bestowing hand,
 Have lighted up his days ;
 His cares, by thine all-wise command,
 Have sanctified his ways.

And still he asks for guidance true,
 Through Jesus Christ, thy Son ;
 And ever would his faith renew
 In him, the " Holy One."

And when, O Lord, the bell shall ring
 That calls him up to thee,
 Oh, then may holy angels sing
 Their welcome jubilee !

A GENERAL AND A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

GOD is around and with us all the time,
Making the soul a most glorious clime;
Watching o'er the heart with a mighty power,
And keeping it from danger, hour by hour.
A general Providence, in the sky;
A special Providence, and strangely nigh!
We love to think He rules by laws so old
The years they've lasted, none can now unfold.
And yet we feel so mighty is his love,
Each name is written in the "Book" above.
God wound up the world from the start, we know,
But *each day* his life makes it onward go.
I see Him ruling on the throne of light!
I know each hour He makes my life more bright.
I do not lose my God in the dim space,
Every instant I feel his blessed grace.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. NATHANIEL HALL:

HE has gone to a holy rest;
In Heaven, an angel now;
All robed in light, amongst the blest,
A crown upon his brow.

He was all peaceable and good,
True, and holy, and pure!
Nourished on earth by angels' food,
With faith in God secure.

Gone now, we know, to greater peace,
Still with a God of love;
Never shall his influence cease
To lure our souls above.

Farewell, dear pastor, brother, friend !
Not, not gone forever.
Our ways attend, our steps defend,
Sacred presence ever.

MY CREED.

To GOD I look, the Judge of all,
My Father and my King !
While at his feet I humbly fall,
And grateful praises bring.

In Christ I trust, God's Son, I know,
The life, the truth, the way ;
And in whatever place I go
My solace and my stay !

God's Spirit is my comfort sure,
In all the steps I take ;
And all things I can well endure,
If that my conscience wake !

The " Holy Book," God's blessed truth,
Is all the " creed " I know ;
My help and light from early youth,
My peace in joy and woe.

1446.

1879

PERUGINO PIETRO.

Perugino Pietro was born in Citta Della Pièvè, Italy, in 1446, and died in 1524.

At Citta Della Pièvè. one day
 In fourteen forty-six, God gave to earth
 A little one, for whom there seemed no way
 To break through want that hedged his birth;
 No room for hope, no kindling ray.

Perugino Pietro was the child
 And grand Italian shores his native land,
 And some holy angel, all good and mild,
 Came down from Heaven with gracious wand,
 And marked him great and undefiled.

First in Perugia he learned his trade,
 And there he marched towards a glory true;
 But Florence soon a claim upon him made,
 And asked for gifts both bright and new!
 And he at once with joy obeyed.

His works are seen in every famous place,
 At Siena, Vallombrosa, and Rome;
 Florence and Perugia feel their grace;
 Ah! everywhere he was at home;
 Not any spot could he disgrace!

Pupils he took and taught them grandly well,
 And all their names are heard throughout the world;
 Poets their praises and sweet love do tell,
 Flags of all nations are unfurled;
 All stand mute, by their magic spell.

The noble Raphael was one he taught,
And that clear soul was prostrate at his feet!
And what strange wonders such a mind has wrought;
What mighty power is thus complete,
What splendid blessings thus are brought!

Perugino in fifteen twenty-four
Passed away forever from mortal sight,
And his holy genius shall shine no more,
Nor shed its gracious charming light,
On our all-changing, fading shore!

**WHERE IS GOD,
and how can we find Him?**

CAN any one tell where our God may be found?
Has He left anywhere, a mark or a sound?
Is He high up in Heaven, above the blue sky,
Looking down on us all, and counting each sigh?

Or is He here with us, and almost in sight,
And ever quite near us, by day and by night?
Or is He right in us, and close to the heart,
A light and a strength, and a peace, and a chart?

He is beyond us, and above the blue sky;
He is at our side, and will always seem nigh;
And He fills the whole soul of all who do well,
And right gracious truths to his children will tell!

But how can we find Him, and where is his home?
He is known in one way, through Jesus He'll come!
And those who make Jesus their trust and their light,
Will find the dear Father, all safe and all right!

GEORGE H. GAY, JR.

June 14, 1877.

SAD are the hearts met here to-day,
And heavy is our grief;
Be thou, O God, the light and way
Unto a sure relief.

In prime of life, at manhood's hour,
This heavy blow has come;
And parents dear did feel thy power,
When thou didst call him home.

They loved him much, they hardly know
Why they should give him up!
But wilt thou, Father, gently show
How they shall drink the cup?

And let them look right through the gate
That leads to Thee above;
And may they see his royal state
All hallowed by thy love.

And guardian angel let him be
Over their home and heart;
May he by thine all-wise decree,
A daily grace impart.

Let father, mother, brothers dear,
All bow unto thy will;
And calm each thought, and stay each fear,
And speak thy "Peace, be still!"

O God, at last, unite us all
Where no more tears are shed;
And let thy love upon us fall;
May we by grace be fed.

MISS M. A. ETHERIDGE.

1800.

June 11th.

1880.

WE greet you, friend, this holy night,
When eighty years are yours by right,
And pray that God his peace may send
And mighty blessings without end.

From early years we've seen your face,
And felt your friendship, by God's grace!
Our parents, too, no longer here,
Were bound by bonds forever dear.

A gracious band, above, below,
Do now their sacred peace bestow;
And saints on earth, and saints above,
Give tokens of their tender love.

So heart with heart, and hand in hand,
We'll pass our days, by God's command;
And stand on guard, till called away
Where care shall cease, and night is day.

COSMO DE MEDICI.*

1389.

1879.

OUT from the shadows of the past, we find
Great minds and souls, both noble and refined,
Richer far than our common mortal life,
With splendid gains, and mighty glories rife,
That send an echo bounding through all time
And in every age have a genial clime!

In thirteen eighty-nine God gave us all
Cosmo, on whom His mighty grace did fall,
Whose spirit seemed to have a lasting light,
That no eclipse of time could shroud with night!
He came to needy hearts a peace to bring,
And made the weakened ones rejoice and sing!

First a Prior of Florence he was made,
And in robes of office with joy arrayed;
And he ruled with skill, and was brave and true,—
In sound judgment was equalled by but few!
As "Banker" too, and master of finance,
To make a fortune he improved his chance.

His house was regal, and he oped his door
To artists, and all who were skilled in lore;
Even from Greece, to him they fled for care,—
Of his large comforts had a blessed share;

* Thanks were sent from HUMBERT 1st, the King of Italy, on the reception of this poem.

His love a refuge was to all who came,—
By his goodness he glorified his name!

In fourteen forty-three, a mighty change
Gave to his massive soul a larger range;
For rulers new, seizing the power of state,
Sent a great cloud awhile upon his fate,
And banished too he was away from home;
In unfamiliar spots he had to roam.

At Venice he lived for about a year,
Giving to all his friends a holy cheer;
The same heart in exile was daily seen,
And all the struggling ones his love did screen!
Not long was he allowed to be away,
And much holier counsels soon had sway.

He was called back in fourteen forty-four,
And ruled his people thirty years or more;
Such splendor and dignity did he show,
All things prosperous to those lands did flow,
And good old Florence stood in honor high,
And loomed up in glory to every eye!

In fourteen sixty-four he went to God,—
Was struck out from earth by death's mystic rod.
"Father of his country" was called by all,—
Honors heavy upon his name did fall;
And ever since the echoes of his love
Have filled the earth beneath and Heaven above!

PRAYER FOR DYING ONES.

ALL trembling on the bridge of time,
Thy children waiting stand;
Wilt thou, Father, a holy chime
Send from the promised land.

All wearied with the race of life,
Soon to cross the river;
Thy children in this mighty strife,
Lord, wilt thou deliver?

All faint and sick, yet strong in love,
These pilgrims on life's brink,
Look up to Thee, their King above!
O do not let them shrink.

But take their hand, and shield their heart,
And fill them with thy peace;
And do thou mighty aid impart,
As mortal life shall cease.

IN MEMORIAM.

Hon. HENRY WILSON,

Vice-President of the United States.

HE was brave, honest, good and true,
Holy, and just, and kind;
Equalled on earth by very few,
Having a master mind.

From humble ranks, with power he rose
To stations high and grand;
Each place he filled did grace disclose,
And genius at command.

With face alight, and words at will,
And voice all clear and strong,
He did the crowd with wonder fill,
Holding no truce with wrong.

And when at last the summons came,
To which we all must yield,
It met him at the height of fame,
Right on the battle field.

Farewell, thou mighty one and great,
Thy work is nobly done!
We weep, and watch, and mourn, and wait;
But thou all peace hast won.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. BAYFIELD.

Our loved one is at home to-day;
She rests in peace with God;
And Christ, the rock, shall be her stay,
Her life, her staff, her rod!

No more shall pain her steps attend,
Nor weariness oppress;
For angels will her way defend,
And nothing can distress.

A crown is placed upon her brow ;
Her soul is clothed in peace ;
And visions holy bless her now,
That never can decrease.

She who on earth spread gracious light,
And peace, and strength, and love,
Has found a record sure and bright,
In the great " Book " above.

God welcomes her an angel born ;
Freed spirits grasp her hand ;
And he, our Lord, who calmed the storm,
Does holy rest command.

Farewell, thou tried one, gentle, true,
Affectionate and kind !
We now in tears thy life review,
And sterling virtues find.

ALL-SOULS' DAY.

COME back, ye dear ones, loved by all,
Come back, this " All-Souls' Day,"
And hear the heart's devoted call,
And with us briefly stay.

Come, prophets, martyrs of the past,
Apostles of the Lord,
All gracious blessings on us cast,
And mighty help afford !

Come, wife and husband, parent, child,
Brother, sister and friend,
With garments white and undefiled;
Our waiting hearts defend!

Tell us that you are safe with God;
Fill us with holy peace;
Give one and all a staff and rod,
And Oh, our faith increase.

Lead us to Christ, the gracious King,
Your guide, our life and light!
And to each saddened heart, O bring
A new and blessed sight!

IN MEMORIAM.

My heart is sad to-day, I know not why,
Save a few days ago a star did fall,
And light and joy were gone from heart and eye,
And shadows seemed to creep on one and all!

Sick ones wept aloud for the friend no more
To meet them in the hour of want and pain,
For the one who had left the earthly shore,
Whom in the flesh they ne'er should greet again.

Those who joined in his daily deeds of love,
Who sought his help, to whom he looked for light,
Gazed sadly at the open gate above,
As, all at once, he vanished from their sight.

All those that knew him well, at home, abroad,
Cheered by his word, and guided by his skill,
Were bowed in grief, as summoned by the Lord,
Higher he went, a greater place to fill !

My heart is sad to-day, but God knows best
Why one so dear to all was called away
From things of time, to peace, and love, and rest,
And all the splendors of eternal day.

THE NEW YEAR.

1876.

THE Old year is going,—“good-bye,” let us say,
To its joys and its griefs that haunt us this day !
The New Year is coming,—“All hail,” let us cry,
And fresh rules of our lives again let us try.

THE OLD YEAR.

1877.

The Old Year is going, and sad is our heart ;
With work but half finished, we from it must part.
The New Year is coming, again we will pray
We may round off each task as God gives the day.

The Old Year is going, God wipe off the wrong
That to each one's heart does most surely belong !
The New Year is coming, God speed on the right,
And flood our poor souls with his all-cleansing light !

The Old Year is going, farewell to our friend !
Grand was thy coming, and most calm is thy end.
The New Year comes quickly, we hope for the best !
We'll do all we can, and trust God for the rest.

A SICK PERSON'S PRAYER.

LORD, cure me by thy healing hand;
Thy gracious aid bring near;
And all my pains wilt thou command
At once to disappear!

Spare thou my life for many years;
All weakness take away;
Anoint my hopes, dismiss my fears;
Thy holy power display!

And when I shall again get well,
And feel my strength return,
All foolish doubts wilt thou dispel;
Let faith within me burn!

Refresh my heart, and bless my will,
And make me wholly Thine;
And daily on my soul distil
Thy holy dew, divine!

And thus through sickness make me strong
In body, soul and mind;
For unto thee does grace belong,
And thou art always kind!

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

HELEN CURTIS BRADLEE, JACOB WELD SEAVER, and SUSAN SEAVER,
received baptism at the hands of REV. E. E. HALE, Dec. 25th, 1875.

The following Hymn was written in commemoration of the event.

O GOD, on this, a holy day,
Dear ones to Thee we give;
Be thou their guide, and staff, and stay,
Whilst they on earth shall live.

Their steps attend, their way defend,
And cover them with light:
And may thy love in peace descend,
And glorify their sight.

Christ's chosen ones, O may they prove,
And let them comfort all;
And in their lives thy spirit move,
And grace upon them fall.

May near and dear ones, now with Thee,
Be angels at their side;
Watching their souls by thy decree,
And ever near abide.

And when their earthly race is run,
And life below shall cease,
O, with the Father and the Son,
Grant them eternal peace!

TO KING HUMBERT, OF ITALY.

AFTER THE DEATH OF VICTOR IMMANUEL.

ALL hail, King Humbert, to the royal throne;
Grief that through tears, the mighty place you've won;
Joy for the splendid power that now you wield,
Whilst on a bier we place our loving shield!

Great work and glorious you have to do,
Grand powers are given sovereigns brave and true.
Long may thy reign be, ever strong and wise,
Late be the day that calls thee to the skies.

From many souls do earnest prayers ascend,
That noblest blessings may thy steps attend.
"God bless the King and Queen," do many crave,
And daily all their steps from danger save.

POEM.

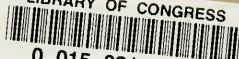
WE have but one Leader, Christ Jesus, the Lord,
We'll join in his praises with gracious accord;
May all Churches love the one Guide to proclaim,
And write on their banners the Saviour's blest name.

With Jesus as Leader, Defender, and Guide,
The other great doctrines we will not decide;
But we'll leave to each Church its own special plea,
And each one shall speak it as each one shall see.

We'll all look to Heaven as a right blessed home,
We'll all do our best whilst on earth we shall roam;
We'll love one another forever and aye;
And "God bless all Churches" we daily will pray.



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